

THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. I.]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

Join with me, friends of freedom, friends of humanity, in consecrating to eternal infamy the owners of slaves in the Republic of North America.—O'CONNELL.

A VOICE FROM NEW-YORK!

In the fourth number of the Liberator, we mentioned the formation of a Colonization Society in New-York, auxiliary to the Parent Society, and entered our protest against the measure. We have just received from that city a pamphlet containing the following 'Resolutions of the People of Color, at a meeting held on the 25th of January, 1831; with an Address to the Citizens of New-York, in answer to those of the New-York Colonization Society.'

We invite the well-meaning but deluded supporters of the colonization scheme, in this quarter, to give these spirited and noble sentiments a place in their memories, and to weigh them in their minds. Why will they persist in opposing the wishes of their colored countrymen, in a manner so utterly repugnant to every dictate of reason and every law of humanity? Have they given the subject a calm and critical investigation? or has not the love of popularity, or the influence of great names, led them unthinkingly away? We do not care how many societies shall be put into operation, having solely for their object the moral, literary and political advancement of our colored population in this their native country. We will unite with any sect or combination to restore the stolen rights of this oppressed class at home—to break their constitutional, or rather unconstitutional shackles—to build up schools, academies and colleges for their instruction; and we will strenuously oppose any scheme, under whatever pretence or supported by whatever names, which attempts to transport them to Africa.

An effort is now making in this quarter to organize a Colonization Society, which, we trust, the good sense and impartial justice of our citizens will paralyse; but if it succeed, the colored inhabitants of Boston will speak as unitedly, and in a tone of remonstrance as loudly, as their brethren have done in New-York—unless we greatly overrate their sagacity and spirit. They entertain but one sentiment on the subject; they are opposed to emigration; and, like the oak, the more violent the tempest they encounter, the deeper and stronger will strike their roots into their native soil.

RESOLUTIONS, &C.

At a public meeting of the colored citizens of New-York, held at Boyer Lodge Room, on Tuesday evening, the 25th ult., Mr Samuel Ennals was called to the Chair, and Mr Philip Bell appointed Secretary. The Chairman stated that the object of the meeting was to take into consideration the proceedings of an Association, under the title of the 'New-York Colonization Society.' An address to the 'Citizens of New-York,' relative to that Society, was read from the Commercial Advertiser of the 8th ult.; whereupon the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas a number of gentlemen in this city, of mistaken views with respect to the wishes and welfare of the people of this State, on the subject of African Colonization, and in pursuance of such mistaken views, are using every exertion to form 'African Colonization Societies;' and whereas a public document purporting to be an address to the people of the 'city of New-York' on this subject, contains opinions and assertions, regarding the people of color, as unfounded as they are unjust, and derogatory to them—Therefore

Resolved, That this meeting do most solemnly protest against the said address, as containing sentiments, with respect to the people of color, unjust, illiberal and unfounded; tending to excite the prejudice of the community.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the sentiments put forth in the Resolutions at the formation of the 'Colonization Society of the city of New-York,' are such as to impress this community with the belief that the colored population are a growing evil, immoral, and destitute of religious principles.

Resolved, That we view the Resolution calling

unholy crusade against the colored population of this country, as totally at variance with true Christian principles.

Resolved, That we claim this country, the place of our birth, and not Africa, as our mother country; and all attempts to send us to Africa, we consider as gratuitous and uncalled for.

Resolved, That a committee of three persons be appointed to draft an Address to the people of New-York, and to be published, together with these Resolutions, and the same be signed by the Chairman and Secretary.

SAMUEL ENNALS, Chairman.

PHILIP BELL, Secretary.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW-YORK.

In protesting against the sentiments and declarations, to our prejudice, with which the above noticed 'Address' and 'Resolutions' abound, we are well aware of the power and influence we have attempted to resist. The gentlemen named as officers of the 'Colonization Society,' are men of high standing; their dictum is law, in morals, with our community; but we who feel the effect of their proscription, indulge the hope of an impartial hearing.

We believe many of those gentlemen are our friends, and we hope they all mean well; we care not how many Colonization Societies they form to send slaves from the South to a place where they may enjoy freedom; and, if they can 'drain the ocean with a bucket,' may send, 'with their own consent,' the increasing free colored population; but we solemnly protest against that Christian philanthropy which, in acknowledging our wrongs, commits a greater by vilifying us. The conscientious man would not kill the animal, but cried, 'mad dog,' and the rabble dispatched him. These gentlemen acknowledge the anomaly of those political ethics which make a distinction between man and man, when its foundation is, 'that all men are born equal,' and possess in common 'unalienable rights,' and to justify the withholding of these 'rights,' would proclaim to foreigners that we are 'a distinct and inferior race,' without religion or morals, and implying that our condition cannot be improved here because there exists an unconquerable prejudice in the whites towards us. We absolutely deny these positions, and we call upon the learned author of the 'Address' for the indications of distinction between us and other men. There are different colors among all species of animated creation. A difference of color is not a difference of species. Our structure and organization are the same, and not distinct from other men; and in what respects are we inferior? Our political condition, we admit, renders us less respectable, but does it prove us an inferior part of the human family? Inferior, indeed, we are, as to the means we possess of becoming wealthy and learned men, and it would argue well for the cause of justice, humanity, and true religion, if the reverend gentlemen whose names are found at the bottom of President Duer's Address, instead of showing their benevolence by laboring to move us some 4000 miles off, were to engage actively in the furtherance of plans for the improvement of our moral and political condition in the country of our birth. It is too late now to brand with inferiority any one of the races of mankind. We ask for proof. Time was when it was thought impossible to civilize the red man. Yet our own country presents a practical refutation of the vain assertion in the flourishing condition of the Cherokees, among whom intelligence and refinement are seen in somewhat fairer proportions than are exhibited by some of their white neighbors. In the language of a writer of expanded views and truly noble sentiments, 'the blacks must be regarded as the real authors of most of the arts and sciences which give the whites, at present, the advantages over them. While Greece and Rome were yet barbarous, we find the light of learning and improvement emanating from this, by supposition, degraded and accursed continent of Africa, out of the midst of this very woolly-haired, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, coal black race, which some persons are tempted to station at a pretty low intermediate point between men and monkeys.'* It is needless to dwell on this topic, and we say with the same writer, the blacks had a long and glorious day; and, after what they have been and done, it argues not so much a mistaken theory, as sheer ignorance of the most notorious historical facts, to pretend that they are naturally inferior to the whites.

We earnestly desire that this address may not be misunderstood. We have no objection in the abstract, to the Colonization Society; but we do protest strongly against the means which that Society uses to effect its purposes. It is evident, to any impartial observer, that the natural tendency of all their speeches, reports, sermons, &c. is to widen the breach between us and the whites, and give to prejudice a tenfold vigor. It has produced a mistaken sentiment towards us. Africa is considered the home of those who have never seen its shores. The poor ignorant slave who, in all probability, has never heard the name of Christ, by the Colonization process, is suddenly transformed into a 'missionary,' to instruct in the principles of Christianity, and the arts of civilized life. The Friends have been the last to aid the system pursued by the Society's advocates. And we say (for we feel it) that in proportion as they become Colonizationists, they become less active and less friendly to our welfare as citizens of the United States.

There does exist in the United States a prejudice against us, but is it unconquerable? Is it not in the power of these gentlemen to subdue it? If their object is to benefit us, why not better our condition here? What keeps us down but a want of wealth? Why do we not accumulate wealth? Simply because we are not encouraged. If we wish to give our boys a classical education, they are refused admission into your colleges. If we consume our means in giving them a mercantile education, you will not employ them as clerks; if they are taught navigation, you will not employ them as captains. If we make them mechanics, you will not encourage them, nor will white mechanics work in the same shop with them. And with all these disabilities, like a mill-stone about us, because we cannot point to our Statesmen, Bankers, and Lawyers, we are called an inferior race. Look at the glaring injustice towards us. (A Foreigner, before he knows one of our streets from another, mounts a cart, under the license of another man, or is a public porter, a lamp-lighter, a watchman, &c.)

* Alexander H. Everett, Esq. vide his work entitled

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These gentlemen know but little of a large portion of the colored population of this city. Their opinions are formed from the unfortunate portion of our people, whose characters are scrutinized by them as judges of courts. Their patrician principles prevent an intercourse with men in the middle walks of life, among whom a large portion of our people may be classed. We ask them to visit the dwellings of the respectable part of our people, and we are satisfied that they will discover more civilization and refinement than will be found among the same number of white families of an equal standing.

Finally, we hope that those who have so eloquently pleaded the cause of the Indian, will at least endeavor to preserve consistency in their conduct. They put no faith in Georgia, although she declares that the Indians shall not be removed but 'with their own consent.' Can they blame us if we attach the same credit to the declaration, that they mean to colonize us 'only with our consent?' They cannot use force; that is out of the question. But they harp so much on 'inferiority,' 'prejudice,' 'distinction,' and what not, that there will no alternative be left us but to fall in with their plans. We are content to abide where we are. We do not believe that things will always continue the same. The time must come when the Declaration of Independence will be felt in the heart, as well as uttered from the mouth, and when the rights of all shall be properly acknowledged and appreciated. God hasten that time. This is our home, and this our country. Beneath its sod lie the bones of our fathers: for it, some of them fought, bled, and died. Here we were born, and here we will die.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[Here is additional evidence of the unfavorable opinion entertained by our colored brethren relative to African colonization. We like to have them tell their own story. It is always given in a simple, modest and frank manner.]

COLONIZATION HINTS.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

SIR—I have read the several numbers of your excellent paper with much pleasure, and cannot refrain from tendering my sincere thanks to you for the active part that you have taken in behalf of myself and colored brethren of this country.

That we are not treated as freemen, in any part of the United States, is certain. This usage, I should say, is in direct opposition to the Constitution; which positively declares, that all men are born equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I would ask some of our pretended white friends, and the members of the American Colonization Society, why they are so interested in our behalf as to want us to go to Africa? They tell us that it is our home; that they desire to make a people of us,

Africa civilized; and that we are the very persons to do it, as it is almost impossible for any white person to exist there. I deny it. Will some of those guardian angels of the people of color tell me how it is that we, who were born in the same city or state with themselves, can live any longer in Africa than they? I consider it the most absurd assertion that any man of common sense could make, unless it is supposed, as some have already said, that we are void of understanding. If we had been born on that continent, the transportation would be another matter; but as the fact is the reverse, we consider the United States our home, and not Africa as they wish to make us believe;—and if we do emigrate, it will be to a place of our own choice.

I would also mention to the supporters of the Colonization Society, that if they would spend half the time and money that they do, in educating the colored population and giving them lands to cultivate here, and secure to them all the rights and immunities of freemen, instead of sending them to Africa, it would be found, in a short time, that they made as good citizens as the whites. Their traducers would hear of fewer murders, highway robberies, forgeries, &c. &c. being committed, than they do at present among some of the white inhabitants of this country.

If a man of color has children, it is almost impossible for him to get a trade for them, as the journeymen and apprentices generally refuse to work with them, even if the master is willing, which is seldom the case. Even among laborers, there is a distinction. During the late snow storm, thousands of persons were employed in cleaning the gutters, levelling the drifts, &c. Among the whole number, there was not a man of color to be seen, when hundreds of them were going about the streets with shovels in their hands, looking for work and finding none. I mention this fact merely to show what a great distinction exists, more or less, between the whites and blacks, in all classes—and as much among those who have been in this country three or four months, or perhaps a year, as any class of persons that I can mention.

In bringing this subject to a close, I will only say, that I am under the impression that the time is not far distant, when the prophecy which says, 'Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand unto God,' will be fulfilled.

A COLORED PHILADELPHIAN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1831.

TO THE PEOPLE OF COLOR.

Why inactive? why asleep? why this prodigality of precious time? Oh, awake, awake from your lethargy! Throw off your inertness; for too long you have been worshipping at the shrine of ignorance. It is by getting rid of these burdens that you will become sensible of your degradation; it is by the annihilation of these habits, that men aspire after great things. And are you not men—formed like any other of the human species—moulded after the pure image of your Creator—endowed with capacity—invested with all the perfections which Deity has given to man? Being possessed of all these, why are you so passive to your condition? why so seemingly contented with your stand in society? Rouse up, and disperse the mists of ignorance which surround you; and let the beams of knowledge illumine your minds. Have there not been examples enough among you to convince the most skeptical, that you are susceptible of all that makes man powerful? Have not the columns of the Liberator already evinced, that you are able to emerge from the tenebrous kennels of ignorance? O, then, for more exertion on your part? You are rational beings; and why will you not endeavor to accelerate the time, when your now detested race may become politicians, statesmen, &c. &c. Is not the way feasible—the plan practicable—the road an easy one? It is: then go to work, and add to the many advantages you have for education; and henceforth employ your leisure time for mental improvements.

And first, I would suggest the propriety of establishing reading, debating societies, &c. If your condition is to be meliorated, it must be done by the power of knowledge; and that power can be obtained only by your united exertions. O, how vain, how foolish to think, that all which is needful for the bettering of your condition will be effected by your benevolent white friends. They have done much, it is true, and God will abundantly reward them. Yes—their names will be recorded on the annals of time, and thousands yet unborn will pay a just tribute of gratitude to their memory. But there is a great deal more to be done, and you can do it by putting your shoulders to the wheels.

KIND SENTIMENTS.

[I am deeply affected by the abundant gratitude which is manifested by my colored friends in Boston and elsewhere, for my feeble and imperfect exertions in their behalf. Whatever personal sacrifice I may have made, or suffering endured, it is always overpaid when I am permitted to take them by the hand, and to hear from their lips a hearty 'God bless you!' But, in print, all encomiums upon me are truly painful; and I can read, with far less emotion, twenty columns of abuse, than twenty lines of panegyric.

At the request of its very respectable author, I give the following communication a place in the Liberator, although it would be more agreeable to suppress the flattering remarks which are applied to me. Still it is gratifying to know that these are the sentiments of the people of color: they strengthen my hands, and cheer my heart.]—Ed.

To the Editor of the Liberator.

ESTEEMED FRIEND—Previous to my being personally acquainted with you, I some time ago attended a public meeting in this city, where hearing those great and eloquent statesmen, Messrs Webster, Blake and Sullivan, and seeing the effect of their speeches, I was reminded of our able advocate, W. L. Garrison, and thought him worthy of the deepest sympathy of good men. You was then in a southern prison, and had been tried by a jury which would have convicted an innocent babe that had uttered a loud breath against the hellish system of slavery, and was surrounded by southern wolves. God bless you, Liberator! I often lamented over your dreary condition, and thought us unfortunate beings the cause of your sufferings. I then reflected upon the great good, if in case you had prospered, you might have accomplished for your country, showing the southern planters the right road from the wrong, and teaching them to deal justly, and to fear not man but God. Sir, I often thought of you as God's servant. I did not indulge myself in the hope of ever seeing you, for despondency forbade. I considered you as a beautiful branch of the good and fruitful tree of Liberty, cut down in your youth, and lost from us in this world, and prevented from bearing the precious fruit which you now bear.

In behalf of the colored people of this city, per order of the Chairman of the Committee, and as Secretary of the same, I would acknowledge the debt of gratitude under which we labor, for your Address before us on the evening of Dec. 10, 1830. We cannot sufficiently express our feelings; for nothing was ever uttered more important and beneficial to our color. Your remarks were full of virtue and consolation, perfect in explanation, and furnished a rule to live by and to die by.

Sir, when I look at liberty and justice as exhibited in this country, I am reminded of an expression of the great and good Lafayette. He holds the Declaration of Independence in his hand, and reads: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' He finds nothing that justifies the holding of men in bondage. He gazes upon the starry banner which is spread over him, and then turning his eyes to this his adopted land, with feelings of deep humiliation, he exclaims: 'When I am indulging in my views of American prospects and American liberty, it is mortifying to be told that in that very country, a large portion of the people are slaves: it is a dark spot on the face of the nation. Such a state of things cannot always exist.'

No, sir, it cannot. But when I look at the seat of Government, where the representatives of the people are assembled, and see what is transacting there, I am full of despondency. What a spectacle was lately presented to the world! While the President was marching in procession at the downfall of the French tyrant, some poor slaves were marching in files in another direction, handcuffed and dragging their chains. O, what a horrid, heart-rending scene! When will the American people, or their representatives, prevent such cruelty?

Here is a bloody tragedy. Sixty slaves were slaughtered Dec. 25th, near Newbern, N. C. for a pretended insurrection, (owing to Walker's inflammatory pamphlet,) without judge or jury; when the Constitution expressly declares, that 'No person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.'

Dr Franklin says, there are ways to try men's patience; and I say that treading on the toes of human creatures with sharp instruments, and searing their bodies with hot irons, for centuries, it cannot be expected that they will exhibit the submission of Job. May He who rules the earth inspire some honest and good men to raise the sable mantle of oppression, and let the light of justice and purity shine upon the land, that all may shun the path of wicked tyrants!

Sir, did native Africans emigrate to this country

by robbers who styled themselves christians? But if we came here honestly and in simplicity, this is our home as much as it is the whites, and all upright men will admit it. Is not all humanity lost in the whites who say that the Africans are not worthy and peaceable citizens, when generation after generation have inhabited the fields of slavery, and fallen servile victims to their cruel oppressors. Still this country, with all its iniquity, is called a happy one, and the most enlightened in the world.

Mr Senator Hayne, in his notable speech, alluded to the elevation and happiness of the slaves over the free blacks. I suppose he means those beautiful females, with whom their masters are so enraptured as to use them as concubines, whether mothers or daughters! and then sell their own children, because their skin is a little tawney! If this is the elevation and happiness which this philosopher, with his violated slaves, has acquired, we have no use for wings.

Sir, one of the members of the present General Court says—'Mr Chairman, liberty and equality are the vital principle of the Constitution.' If this be the real case, our dishes must have always been top down. I hope it will not long be so.

The remarks of the Editor of the Boston Telegraph, in a late number of his paper, upon a communication of one of our brethren in Philadelphia, were highly praiseworthy. We are well assured that the same spirit exists in every capacious soul, and that all editors will tune their instruments in unison with ours. A writer of the 'Plea of Justice,' in the Christian Register, over the signature of 'C. J. T.' also deserves great commendation.

Sir, as the general political topic at home and abroad is liberty and equality, I hope the depressed Africans will soon realize them in peace and harmony. May you continue in this glorious work, and have your columns as well filled as they have been, for the benefit of your countrymen and mankind; and be able to increase the strength of the Liberator. God forbid that I or any one should advocate any other but the best means to accomplish a good end.

We congratulate you for the service that you have been to the colored inhabitants of this place, and as a benefactor to the African population generally. We extol your virtues, and render thanks to God for the eminent blessing which he has enabled you to bestow on us.

I remain your sincere friend,

JAMES G. BARBADOS.

For the Liberator.

THE COLORED POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES. NO. 3.

In order to form a just idea of the situation of slaves in the southern section of our country, it will be necessary to consider the laws which affect them. In doing this, I shall be guided chiefly by *Stroud's Sketch of the Laws relating to Slavery in the several States*, a work published at Philadelphia in 1827. This volume presents a detailed and apparently correct account of the different laws on this subject. It will be read with great interest by all who are desirous of knowing the actual condition of the negroes in the southern states. I shall also use, as far as may be convenient, the work of Mr Stephen, on West Indian Slavery. This is a masterly work, and is regarded by the supporters of West Indian slavery, in Great Britain, with greater fear than any thing which has appeared upon the subject. The remarkable resemblance between the laws respecting slaves in the British West Indies and in the southern states renders this work well worthy of consideration in examining the slave codes of this country.

Twelve of the states, viz. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, now permit slavery. It is also tolerated, by the government of the United States, in the District of Columbia, and the territories of Florida and Arkansas. In some of the remaining states a few slaves are still to be found, but as these states have passed laws for the gradual abolition of slavery, they can hardly be considered in the same class with those states that have taken no measures for the same object. Any person who is not familiar with the subject, by examining a map of the United States, will at once perceive that all the slaveholding states lie south of the non-slaveholding states; that the two sections of the country are divided from one another by a continuous line, beginning at the eastern side of Delaware and extending to the Western side of Missouri. The state of Missouri extends as far north as 40 degrees 30 minutes north latitude; and but one other point in this line lies as far north as the 40th degree. In the territory beyond Missouri, being part of the old Louisiana territory, slavery is for ever prohibited beyond the 36 degree 30 minutes of north latitude. The territory of the slaveholding states is about two thirds larger than that of the states in which slavery is not tolerated.

Perhaps I ought, in this place, to define slavery,

would not give any adequate idea of the state, the slavery in one country and in one age being very different from that in other countries and other ages. And if it should appear that slavery in one nation was not an enormous evil, it would by no means follow that slavery in another nation was not so.

By slavery is generally understood one person's being the property of another, the owner having the right to the services of the slave without paying him wages, and a legal right to sell him.

It is not necessary for me to inquire, whether one man can rightfully become the slave of another, under any circumstances. I am ready to admit, for the purpose of the present discussion, that a person may justly be reduced to slavery as the punishment of a crime, or that he may make himself a slave by his own consent; though this latter proposition may be questionable, and is certainly at variance with the declaration of independence, which declares liberty to be an unalienable right.

But the origin of slavery in the United States is different. The great mass of slaves, in our country, are either persons who were stolen from Africa, or the descendants of such persons. Can their present owners have a rightful property in such persons? On what principles of morality can such a right be founded? Does stealing a man, give a property in his person? Can a sale by the robber, of the individual stolen, convey a good title to the purchaser? Again. Admit the right of the purchaser to be good to the slave he buys, can he also purchase the right to his unborn children?

It is unnecessary to pursue the argument. My object is to give an account of the laws of slavery, not to excite any irritation on the subject. But I should feel that I had not done justice to the cause which I am advocating, if I did not state explicitly that the holding of the negroes in slavery cannot be justified by morality or religion.

This is an opinion which I believe is common even among slaveholders. Many of them cannot but feel that their title to their slaves has no just foundation. Every slave also, I have no doubt, feels that he has a full and entire right to his liberty.

The relation of master and slave, thus originating in a violation of the natural principles of right, the consequences, upon the state of society, and the character and condition of both blacks and whites, are, as might be expected, most injurious. The cruel laws which I shall have occasion to specify in my future numbers, can be readily traced to the consciousness which slaveholders must ever feel that they are violating the natural right of their brethren, that they have broken the common chain of sympathies which should bind them to their colored dependents, and that their only means of supporting the present system of society must be by operating on the fears of those held in bondage. P. H.

From the Genius of Universal Emancipation. CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Oh Father, when the soften'd heart
Is lifted up in prayer to thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free—
Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
To bathe and heal the heart of wo.

Then Africa's Son shall hear no more
The tyrant's, in the christian's name,
Nor tears of wasting anguish pour,
Unpitied o'er his life of shame.
But taught to love thee, by the love
That bids his long-worn fetters break,
He too shall lift his soul above,
And serve thee for thy mercy's sake.

AGNES.

SLAVERY RECORD.

JUSTICE IN LOUISIANA.

If any one wish to know in what estimation the life of a negro is held in the slave states, let him read the following paragraph. Here is a case of deliberate murder in purpose though not in effect, by a planter, perpetrated upon a young negro girl in open daylight; and yet the villain, though confessing the crime and found guilty, is sentenced—to be imprisoned, of course?—oh no!—to pay a fine of two hundred dollars, and cost of the prosecution!!!—i. e. as has been pertinently remarked, about the sum a white man has to pay, in England, for shooting a hare or a partridge on his own ground!!!

From the New Orleans Advertiser, Jan. 5.
INCREDIBLE, YET TRUE!—*Criminal Court*.—The State vs. Francis B. Trapagnier.—This was a case wherein the defendant was accused of having cruelly punished a negro girl, named Mary, aged about ten years, and belonging to Mrs Rest. The facts proved were, that Mr Trapagnier fired a gun at said slave, Mary, when she was on his plantation. The defence set up was, that he had a right to fire on any negro or negroes when flying from his pursuit. In his defence the accused further stated, that he had been informed by a free white person that one of Mrs Rest's slaves, a runaway, was on his plantation, and that he went out in the morning and found the

house he several times told her that, if she attempted to run away, he would shoot her; that after he got her home she ran from him; he called her to stop, still she kept running, when he fired on her, not to kill but to wound her. He would not deny the fact that he had shot her: he conceived that he had a right to do it, when he ordered a slave to stop and obedience was not given to his orders. The court, after explaining the law to the accused, was of opinion that he was entirely guilty, as charged, and that the same opinion would have been rendered, had not the accused in his defence admitted the fact. After passing such observations as the case required, in an able and just summary, the Court sentenced Mr Trapagnier to pay a fine of two hundred dollars and cost of prosecution.

The features of slavery, whether under the Government of the United States or Great Britain, of Brazil or Portugal, are similarly revolting and terrific. The following picture as fairly illustrates them in this country as in the Brazilian dominions.

From Dr Walsh's Views of Slavery in Brazil. OVERWHELMING HORROR OF SLAVERY.

'This horror is carried to such an extent, that the slaves not only kill themselves, but their children, to escape it. Negroes are known to be remarkably fond mothers, and all I have seen confirms the observation of others; yet this very affection impels them to commit infanticide. Many of them, particularly the Minas slaves, have the strongest repugnance to have children, and practise means to extinguish life before the infant is born, and provide, as they say, against the affliction of bringing slaves into the world. Is it not a frightful state which thus counteracts the first impressions of nature, eradicates the maternal feelings from the human breast, and causes the mother to become the murderer of her unborn offspring?

'The yearning after liberty is the strongest feeling of a negro's mind. It is usual with people, at their deaths, to emancipate their slaves, particularly ecclesiastics, as if to make atonement for having kept them in that state, as long as they could hold them in their grasp. Slaves, who have expected this, and have had their hopes frustrated, sink rapidly under the effects of a bitter disappointment, and die of broken hearts. An incident of this kind occurred at S. Jose, a few days before my arrival. An ecclesiastic in the Minas Geraes died, and all his slaves were emancipated by his will. It is requisite, however, to pay a certain duty, on such manumission, and as no provision had been made in the will for this, it was necessary to sell one or two of the slaves to pay for the rest. One of them was brought to S. Jose, where he sank rapidly under the feelings of disappointed hope. He refused to take any sustenance, and it was necessary to have his mouth held forcibly open by other blacks, while it was poured down his throat; but he persisted in his determination to emancipate himself, as he said, and in a short time he succeeded. He was buried, as well as I remember, the day before we arrived.

'But this irrepressible horror at a state of slavery, is the parent sometimes of the greatest crimes; and when negroes expect a testamentary freedom, they anticipate the time by the premature death of the testator; and thus, a humane and benevolent intention is often the cause of the death of the intended benefactor, and becomes a frequent incentive to poison and assassination. I knew a man in the Organ mountains, who displayed a most frightful picture of the effects of slavery in the different relations of life. The man's name was Felice, a gamellerio, or one who undertakes to cut down woods, to convert the timber into gamellas, and sell them through the country. He was a mulatto, the son of a white man by a negro slave. You will suppose that his bondage ceased at his birth, and that the offspring of a white man could not be the bondsmen of his parent. No such thing; he was liable to the condition of his mother, and the father kept his own son a slave, to sell him, or dispose of him, as he would his mule. Being ill, however, and near to die, he made his will, left his child his freedom, and apprised him of it. After some time, he recovered, and having some dispute with his son, he threatened that he would alter his will, and he should be sold with the rest of the stock. This his boy determined to prevent, assassinated his father in a wood, got possession of the will, demanded his freedom, and obtained it. This circumstance was perfectly well known to every body in the neighborhood, but no process was instituted against him; and I saw him every day driving his mules, loaded with gamellas, and not chargeable, as I could hear, with any other delinquency, except the horrible one of having murdered his father to obtain his freedom.'

DISGRACEFUL ENACTMENT.

We are willing to admit, if any man will define what constitutes black or white, that the following section of the act of June 22, 1786, is just and proper. Are there two persons ever united in wedlock, of the same complexion? Does a man derive or lose his right to choose his wife from his color? Yes, say our sapient legislators. Why, then, let us have a law prohibiting tall people from marrying short ones, and fat people lean ones. Here is a more palpable and unpardonable distinction than the other! We again call the attention of the Legislature to this subject.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That no person by this Act authorised to marry, shall join in marriage any white person with any Negro, Indian or Mulatto, on penalty of the sum of Fifty Pounds, two thirds thereof to the use of the county wherein such shall be committed, and the residue to the prosecutor, to be recovered by the Treasurer of the same county, in manner as aforesaid.

LITERARY.

For the Liberator.

A cage like the following needs not the adornments of fancy, nor the exaggerations of fiction. I have chosen the simplest language to illustrate the barbarity of a system, which, as far as it goes, is scarcely surpassed by African slavery—namely, the system of imprisonment for debt.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

- I.
He lay upon a loathsome floor,
A log the pillow for his head,—
Nor straw nor blanket for his bed,—
His locks with age were hoar!
- II.
'Twas sad upon his blanched cheek
To see what furrows grief had made—
A poor old man bereft of aid—
Ah! who his woes shall speak?
- III.
What was the glorious sun to him?
The jewelled sky? the earth in bloom?
Confined within a living tomb,
Useless was every limb!
- IV.
As if he were a beast of prey,—
The deadly foe of human kind,—
Strong bolts and bars his frame confined,
Lest he should break away!
- V.
His food was scanty, coarse, unchanged;
Through grates he gasped for vital air;
Thieves, cut-throats, his companions were—
From virtue's paths estranged.
- VI.
Yet in his country's proud defence,
He once his blood had freely poured,
And valiantly had borne the sword—
This was his recompense!
- VII.
What was his crime, do you inquire?
The worst of all—'twas poverty!
He owed his neighbor dollars three*—
His neighbor bound him in his ire!
- VIII.
Not long did that old man remain
Within his gloomy cell:
Thanks to a friend!—What friend, pray tell?
'Twas DEATH that broke his chain!

G—n.

* Cases of imprisonment for a smaller sum are very common.

A SKETCH.

The Amateur of last Saturday contains a poetical description of the late snow storm, from which we make the following extract. We are not particular to inquire whether our fair readers will like the sketch; but it contains a moral, which, to them, may prove at this inclement season as valuable as life.

'Then to the main street did I wend my way,
Though twice blown down, defying wind and snow.
Shovels were going; counter skippers scraped
The bricks that lay their masters' doors before,
As if they meant to wear their shovels out,
Perhaps the brick-work likewise. Horses stuck
Fast in the streets, and when more horses came,
To hale them forth, these last stuck fast as they.
All men were wrapt in cloaks, great-coats, surtouts,
And hurried on to their respective homes.
Not so a maiden who had come to try
Her skill in shopping. She was beautiful
As any she a poet ever sung;
Albeit her nose, just then, was rather blue.
Thin was her raiment, of white muslin fine;
Thin were her shoon, of thinnest bombazine;
Thin was her bonnet, a pale leghorn straw,
With artificial roses in its front,
Blooming in January! She gave heed
To neither cold nor snow, but looked around
As who should say, 'Pray what d'ye think of me?'
Alas, cold bosomed maid, said I, may Heaven
Deliver us from vanity!'

RECOLLECTIONS.

From Poems by the Honorable Mrs. Morton.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
Where in bright days long past, we played together?
Do you remember all the old home faces,
That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather?
Do you remember all the happy meetings,
In summer evenings, round the open door—
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender
Greetings,
And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more?
Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter;
The voices round the swing in our old garden;
The dog that when we ran still followed after;

We were but children then, young, happy creatures,
And hardly knew how much we had to lose:
But now the dream-like memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit muse.
Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed
From 'midst the old companions who were round us,
How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
And talked with smiles of all the links which bound us?
And after, when our footsteps were returning,
With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,
How our young hearts kept boiling up and burning,
To think how soon we'd be at home again?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
How thoughtless we of being famed in story,
And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?
Do you remember in far countries, weeping
When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were
Sleeping,
And made us yearn for those we left behind?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,
But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
How for a while we talked—then paused full sadly,
Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing?
Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my
brother,

Sit down and let us talk of all our wo,
For we have nothing left but one another;—
Yet where they went, old playmate, we shall go—
Let us remember this.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY MORTALITY.

The records of death's doings have seldom exhibited an instance of more desolating, exterminating havoc, in one family, than that we are about to mention. A few months since, Mr John Taylor, a poor, hard-working man, with a family, rented a few acres of land of T. A. Tidball, Esq. one mile west of Winchester, and removed upon it. He had had twelve children, but the number was reduced, by death, to six. Within what period these had been taken from him we did not hear, but presume it to have been within the last two or three years. The six remaining children were remarkably healthy and fine-looking; the oldest 12 years old, the youngest nearly one. Thus they continued, the solace of their poor parents, and the hope of their future declining years, until two weeks ago, when the infant was taken sick and died in three days afterwards of scarlet fever. On the day before its death, Lester, a boy, 6 years old, was taken unwell, and in two days was a corpse. The two bodies were lying dead on Friday the 14th, and a person was sent to the former residence of Mr Taylor, at the Round hill, to dig a grave for them, his deceased children having been there buried.—This duty was performed, and the burial was to take place on the day following. In the interim, the violent snow storm of the 15th occurred, which prevented all egress from the house, and the lifeless bodies were obliged to remain in it till the Monday following, when they were buried in a corner of the field adjoining. But the mournful scene was not to end here. On Tuesday the 18th, Betsy Ann, aged 10 years, who was well on the Friday previous, died; and on Thursday the 20th, John, aged 8 years, who in the fulness of health had seen his sister breathe her last, followed her to the eternal world. Margaret, 2 or three years old, now lies at the point of death; and Wilson, the only surviving son, aged about 12, who has been extremely low, is in a fair way of recovery. Thus has death swept off ten, and perhaps eleven children, out of twelve, a degree of mortality which is rarely equalled in our country.

Winchester (Va.) Republican.

OBITUARY.

Flora, a black woman, died on the first of October, 1828, aged one hundred and fifteen years. She was born in Africa, where she had two husbands and five children. She related many interesting anecdotes of the customs of her tribe, particularly of their hunting the lions and great serpents. She said that she was a daughter of one of the principal men; and when one of their chiefs died, it was their practice to build a house over his remains, as they considered it an indignity to his memory to suffer the rain to fall on his grave. One day, a party of slave dealers came, and set fire to their village, when the inhabitants fled. Her mother, she said, was unable to run fast, and as she was unwilling to escape without her, she remained, and was taken. Separated from some of her dearest friends, and from her children, she was brought to America, and after much suffering, arrived at Marblehead in 1748, where she fortunately became the property of a man who was disposed to treat her with kindness. She afterward married three other husbands and had five more children, before she came to Lynn. She was a sensible and pious woman, and retained her strength and her memory till a few days before her death. She daily knelt down in prayer: her words were simple, but plain and direct, and those who heard her felt as if they were in the presence of one who was talking with God. The tears were in her aged eyes as she spoke of her children and her native land. She said, 'I have lived long, and suffered much—Oh, a great deal!—but He has been good to me. I love my merciful Father, and want to go and be with him.' She was buried from the eastern Methodist meeting house, and her funeral was attended by many black people from the neighboring towns, and by a large concourse of white persons, by whom she was respected.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to me.
Never to show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it.
Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to dispute, if I can fairly avoid it.
Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near to me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.
Not to obtrude my advice unasked.
Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

MARTIAL LIBERTY. A subaltern officer, having conceived a passion for a tall fine looking peasant girl, used every art to gain her affections, but, finding all his efforts prove ineffectual, he applied to the commanding officer, by whom an order was immediately issued, that the couple should forthwith be joined in wedlock. Remonstrance was made on the part of the parents, but made in vain. The day fixed for the marriage arrived, and the poor accompanied his devoted daughter to the altar, but, just as the priest was about to legalize the union, the aged father, in a fit of desperation, plunged a knife into her heart, and, presenting her to the soldier, exclaimed, 'There is your victim.'—*Travels in Russia.*

Louis XVIII. was extremely difficult upon points of minor etiquette. Monsieur de Villele having one day unceremoniously deposited his snuff-box upon his Majesty's table, the King observed to him, 'There is room here, sir, for your portfolio; but the place for your snuff-box is your waistcoat pocket.' To the Duc de Cazes, although a personal favorite, he addressed a somewhat similar reprimand. It appears that the minister was in the habit of placing his hat in the first chair that came in his way. 'Monsieur le Duc!' said Louis, 'a well bred man keeps his hat upon his head in the open air: but in a drawing-room, its proper place is beneath his arm or upon his knee.'

Who is the best man? Not he who makes the greatest show or the most noise. But he who does the most good at the least expense.

Who is the best farmer? Not he who has the largest farm or the most land. But he who does all his work at the right time, and in the right way.

Who is the best lawyer? Not he who makes the most writs, or gets the most money. But he who has the most knowledge and acts honestly.

Who is the best politician? Not he who rides the fence till he sees which side is the strongest, or who intrigues with the ignorant, the vicious, and the profligate, to get himself into office. But he who reads candidly, imparts the information he has acquired honestly, and is faithful in all situations.

Prejudice.—Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill, a figure apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; his size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer—and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminishing; at last they meet—and, perhaps, the person he had taken for a monster, proves to be his own brother.

EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no cline destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It chastens vice—it guides virtue—it gives, at once, grace and government to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes.—*Phillips.*

Friendship.—When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of Autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world.—While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need, but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.—*Warwick's Spare Minutes.*

Martyrdom at the stake.—William Martyr, a clergyman settled in Buckfield, Va., was travelling with two friends a short time since, and passed through the pleasant town of Bennington, Vt. At a dinner, a beef-steak was placed before Mr Martyr, who was so much engrossed in attending to the calls of his appetite, that he uttered not a word during the meal. One of his companions remarked that he was very sorry to be a witness to so melancholy a spectacle as *Martyr-dumb at the stake.*

Parental Promises.—If a parent make a promise to a child, it should be strictly performed, however trivial: and a child should never be told a falsehood, even in the most trifling matter—unless the object be to teach the child equivocation and falsehood, and train him up for the penitentiary or the gallows.

A Judge's Advice.—A certain judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them to the tail of his judgment.

I never knew a man who could not bear another's

MORAL.

For the Liberator.

'IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MAN-
SIONS.'

Jesus, who once dwelt here on earth,
Before he rose on high,
Bequeathed to those of heavenly birth,
'A mansion in the sky.'

Behold the promise of our Lord—
That God who cannot lie;
To all my followers I'll award
'A mansion in the sky.'

In vain the toils we here endure,
In vain we strive and try
To build our house, and not secure
'A mansion in the sky.'

Teach me, oh God! to seek thy face—
To be prepared to die;
Then shall I find a resting place,
'A mansion in the sky.'

SONNET.

By Mr Bowring.

Peace? shall the world out-wearied never see
Its universal reign?—Will States—will Kings
Put down those murderous and unholy things
Which fill the earth with blood and misery?
Will nations learn, that love—not enmity,
Is Heaven's first lesson—which, beneath the wings
Of mercy, brooding over land and sea,
Fills earth with joy by its soft ministrings?
'T were a sad prospect—'t were a vista dark
As midnight—could this wearied mortal eye
Thro' the dim mists that veil futurity
Discern not that heaven-bright, tho' distant spark,
Lighted by prophecy—whose ray sublime
Sheds a soft gleam of hope o'er the dull path of time.

CONSISTENCY.

You murder one—the gallows is your fate;
You murder many—and you serve the state;
A robber—if some small misdeeds you do;
Commit gigantic crimes—a hero you!
Tell me, ye moralists of exalted station!
Where, where begins the splendid transformation?

DEATH.

Does the spirit die? Do the blest affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh! no. 'The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness,' and funeral train—these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die.—We bury, not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which, for a time, our friend lived. That cold, impassive clay, is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not; blessed be God that we can say—*It is not!* It is the material world only that earth claims. It is the 'dust' only, that 'descends to dust.' The grave!—let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may be, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting place, and this weary aching head, on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this—in the long sleep of the tomb, the body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress,—and far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass lightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall sigh unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm, is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

Oh! no. Come the last hour, in God's own time—and a good life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release!—and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of re-union with the loved and lost on earth!—and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body!—and to the soul, come freedom, light and joy unceasing! come the immortal life!—He that liveth!—saith the conqueror over the Devil—'be that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'—*Christian Examiner.*

Those who are united in error, are united in a conspiracy against the government of God; because every truth in the universe must accord with these fundamental principles, and every error or falsehood, must be in direct opposition. No persons have a right to compromise, by giving up the truth, for the sake of union with those who embrace error. Such a compromise can never be right in itself, or be justified in the sight of God; unless truth can become error, and error truth, or both be alike valuable and lovely in his eyes. It is, therefore, both criminal and foolish for any persons to unite on a false or erroneous foundation. The stronger the bonds of that union, which is founded in error, the more hateful it is in the sight of God; because the stronger is the conspiracy against his government. It is then, just as absurd for professors of religion to yield a part of the truth, for the sake of uniting with those who embrace error, as it is for them partly to unite in a deep and settled rebellion against the Government of God.